

Connywise by LitheBunnyQ

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Summary: This is a book of Connywise Oneshots inspired by amazing artwork, I recommend checking them out! Rated M for future violence and foul language. I DO NOT OWN CONNYWISE! Connywise is a beautiful pairing that I support and am inspired by and is created by the amazing SirConCon. I also don't own Pennywise or IT, they belong to Stephen King.

Connywise

It was that time of year again, Halloween night was just a few hours away! In as small town, a young man was slowly starting to panic. Flitting around his apartment, trying to make sure everything was perfect. Tonight was a big night for Con and he was feeling the pressure.

"Okay, stop freaking out. It's going to go perfectly and we are going to be better." The semi-short man told himself.

"What's going to be better?" The very voice of Con's panic asked. Con jumped and spun to see a clown in a decaying white outfit, complete with ruffles and red pom-poms down his chest. Wit spiky orange hair angled towards the back of his head it allowed Con to really see his painted white, slightly scarred, face. The white really accenting the red paint on his full lips that was continuing from the corners of his mouth up over his prominent cheekbones all the way up past his eyebrows.

"Pennywise, hey man!" Con called out in a nervous surprise, "I didn't think you'd be here for a few more hours."

"The townspeople started scaring early tonight." Pennywise the Dancing Clown stated in his raspy squeaky glee. Con couldn't help but smile and feel a little...sad. The young man knew that his love needed to eat, but that doesn't mean that what he eats didn't make Con feel a tiny bit squeamish. "But don't worry Conny, I won't eat you. I can't, because you aren't afraid of me." The clown attempted in comforting the only person he would consider a friend.

"Thanks Penny, so I was wondering if you were going to want to change for trick-or-treating or not?" Con asked.

"That's the thing where we go walking around asking for candy, right?" Pennywise clarified.

"Well, I guess it would be more FOR the trick-or-treaters. The kids will come up to my door asking for candy and we can still dress up to hand it to them." Con explained, watching Pennywise's eyes go from

pale blue to gold. Con could feel his knees go weak at the sight and swore he was turning to jello.

That's when the clown started to shake, violently. But the creature didn't attack, his clothes began to shrink and change in colour. Pennywise's sleeves shrank onto his shoulders and the pom-poms on his chest were flattened and went from red to black, like the rest of his top. His pants tightened and went from that white cotton to a dark blue denim with brown boots on his feet. His skin and makeup stayed the same but his eyes went back to blue.

"How's this for a costume?" Pennywise asked the still shocked Con.

"Uh...yeah! It's perfect! A modern day clown! So, I was thinking," Con started to ramble his ideas for the festive evening to get his mind, mostly, out of the gutter. "We could watch Halloween movies while we waited for the trick-or-treaters! I'll make myself some dinner real fast, then I'll change into my costume and make some snacks!"

"What kind of snacks?" Pennywise asked, moving towards Con to sit casually at the kitchen's breakfast bar.

"Well, I have some candy set aside for us, we could make nachos...Oh! I also have popcorn!" The clown squeaked in glee at the mention of his "favorite" carnies food.

"What kind of Halloween movies?" He asked Con in a slightly serious voice.

"I figured that while it's still light out we'd watch some of the scarier movies. Then once it gets darker we'd switch to more um..." "kid friendly" movies." Con told him, a faint blush dusting his cheeks.

"Aw, is Conny afraid of scary movies?" Pennywise teased, leaning forward from his seat to put his face close to Con's. That's when Con tensed and blushed harder, trying to hide it by shouting; "No way man! How could I be afraid of some scary movies when I have the embodiment of fear sitting right next to me?" Pennywise smiled at those words. A dark and mirthful smile that made Con realize that he had walked right into a trap.

"Well then, let's get started." Was all the extraterrestrial clown cooed. He then scooped up Con into his arms as he stood and walked them over to the couch.

"But I still need to make the popcorn!" The poor guy tried to argue as Pennywise sat down, but the clown just held Con in his lap and stared into his eyes, unwavering yet deep in thought.

"Fine, but the longer to take the darker it will get outside." Pennywise relented with a soft, maniacal chuckle. Con quickly removed himself from the hott seat and quite literally ran into the kitchen. From the couch Pennywise was watching Con make his food, and the popcorn, but mainly was listening. Listening to Con mutter things about needing to cool and calm down. Listening to Con's flustered heartbeat while barely catching a whiff of his fear.

Pennywise was confused though, he could smell the small boys fear, but had no craving to eat him. It confused, angered and intrigued the clown all at once. *'Why is he not afraid of me?'*

Time Skip

Con and Pennywise were sitting on the couch with the aforementioned now in HIS clown costume. Literally mimicking Pennywise's attire, right down to the forearm and calf wraps. Con even had a red balloon taped to the couch! The biggest differences being the white out contacts in his eyes and that his face paint was black instead of red. Con even went so far as to apply scar prosthetics onto the shaved sides of his head with a stark white body paint.

The couple had started the night with the 1990's rendition of IT, which Pennywise had plenty to say in critiques. After that they continued the night with The Shining, and they were currently close to finishing. The clown was so close to his breaking point and the poor young man had no idea. It happened so fast; Con jumped when the hatchet came through the door and Pennywise grabbed him by the shoulders and shoved Con onto his back on the couch.

"What are you so afraid of?!" Pennywise roared, his gold eyes ringed in red. Con was still catching up to the fact that his crush was pinning him to his couch and could only say "Um..." and glance at

the movie. "The movie isn't even that scary! I'm scarier than that movie and yet you aren't even concerned by my presence anymore! Why?! Why don't I scare you?"

The alien clown then slacked on his grip by the shaking in his hands, his voice sounding almost sad at the end. Con knew now what was really going on and pushed himself onto his elbows. Pennywise was staring intently but all Con did was smile sweetly. The clown growled deep in his throat and Con nervously laughed before finally answering the question.

"I can't explain it with words," Con then sat up further and gently reached for Pennywise's cheek and pulled him in close, "but I think I'm not afraid of you...because I love you." Before Pennywise could react or question the young man, that very person closed the distance between their lips. Con put all of his heart and emotions into the kiss and was slowly getting discouraged by the lack of reaction. That was when he felt a hand slide around to the small of his back and kept him in place, the fear of rejection washing away from his body as tears of joy slipped from his eyes.

"I don't know what love is." Pennywise confessed when they broke their kiss, "I also don't know what the kiss was for, but it felt nice and made me feel weird. So I want to see what this love can do. Especially since I don't WANT to eat you." He could hear Con's heart accelerate at his words and that made him truly happy.

"Of course you don't want to eat me, I am waaay to cool to be eaten man!" Con said, trying to play it cool. Only, it failed when he squeaked in surprise as Pennywise picked him up again. This time he held Con in his lap with an arm wrapped protectively around his slim waist. Con smiled again and cuddled a little closer into Pennywise's chest as the movie came to its close. The only time Con was allowed to move from that spot was for the occasional trick-or-treaters or to change the movie, and Con was never scared by the films again that night.

THE END.